

The Little Girl Lost

In fantasy
A prophetic see.
That the earth from sleep
(Gave the sentence deep)
Shall arise and seek
For her waker meek:
And the desert wild
Become a garden mild.

In the southern clime
Where the summers prime
Never fades away;
Lovers Lyca lay.
Seven summers old
Lovers Lyca told,
She had wandered long,
Hearing wild birds song.

Sweet sleep came to me,
Underneath the tree;
Do father, mother weep,
Where can Lyca sleep.

Lost in desert wild
Is your little child.
How can Lyca sleep,
If her mother weep.

If her heart does ache,
Then let Lyca wake;
If my mother sleep,
Lyca shall not weep.

Frowning frowning night,
O'er this desert bright,
Let the moon arise,
While I close my eyes.

Sleeping Lyca lay;
While the beasts of prey
Came from cavern deep,
Viewed the maid asleep.

The hough, lion snarl
And the virgin wail,
Then he gambled round
O'er the hallowed ground.



Leopards, byers play,
Round her as she lay,
While the lion old,
Bow'd his mane of gold,
And her bosom lick,
And upon her neck,
From his eyes of flame,
Ruby tears there came;
While the fowls
Load her slender dress,
And naked they carry'd
To caves the sleeping maid.



The Little Girl Found

All the night in woe,
Lyca's parents go:
Over valleys deep,
While the desert weep.

Dead and wee begone,
Bosom with making moan;
And in arm seven days,
They tread the desert ways.

Seven nights they sleep,
Among dunes deep;
And dream they see their child
Starv'd in desert mild.

Pale thro' pathless ways
The fancied image strays.

